

VICTOR COFFEE

IS JUSTLY POPULAR

Because its Past Reputation is sustained by its present uniform

HIGH QUALITY!

No Better Coffee on the Market for the Price.

Luxury and Economy.

BEST GROCERS HAVE IT

SHAPLEIGH COFFEE CO.,

Boston, Mass.

HE'S WISE NOW.

Declares That No Girl Can Use Him For a Day.

"You don't catch me ever doing anything for any girl again as long as I live," said the young man with the pink dot band on his hat. "No, sirree. I was an easy mark once, but I've got wise to myself now."

"Miss Peach went to Cape May last Thursday, and when I heard she was going I had to break in and ask if I might come up and carry her bag to the train. I was bound to make a grand stand play with her, you understand. She said I might, and you couldn't have helped me. I was up at her house before the doors were open, and there she was with a bag the size of a trunk, all knobby and lumpy on the outside from the things she'd jammed into it. You know how woman packs—puts five Saratogas full of things into one small steamer trunk and gets the janitor to run it to the lid so it'll go shut. "Well, that's the way Miss Peach's bag was packed, and it weighed a ton at that. I picked it up gayly—it had a crate of umbrellas and parasols and a box of candy and a basket of fruit and a rug and a jacket and a bandbox and a bundle of magazines and a few other trifles—and we set off. When we got to the station, I lugged the things into the waiting room and sat down with the bag on my knees."

"Pretty soon I looked down, and there was a stream of something black running out of it and soaking into my new gray trousers. Did that girl say she was sorry? Did she say she was a born fool for packing things like that in a bag? Did she tell me I was an angel of light? No, she didn't. She just looked at me haughtily."

"Oh, Mr. Skaggs," says she, "There you're gone and spilled all my shoe polish. How awfully careless of you."

"Never again, and you watch me. No more helping girls get out of town for me. They're all selfish brutes, girls are, and I'm a wise guy to learn it so early."—Washington Post.

He Followed Suit.

The principal of one of the public schools was very much surprised one day not long before school closed. It is the custom in some of the schools where a stranger, or more likely the principal or one of the trustees, enters for them to say to the school at large: "Good morning, children." Then the children, as with one voice, will answer: "Good morning, sir."

It may have been this custom which brought about the surprise for the principal. The children in the primary school had been sewing, and the work was done remarkably well. It was warm, comfortable weather, and the children had done so well that the teacher thought they should be rewarded by the approbation of the principal, and she sent for him to come to her room. When he entered, the sewing was around everywhere, and the room looked so much more like a dressmaker's shop than a school that he exclaimed involuntarily:

"Why, hello!"

"Hello!" responded every little mite in the room and so spontaneously that teacher and principal turned away that the children might not see them smile.—New York Times.

Cool in Church.

Said an experienced church officer: "The grumbling and rage over the heat in church largely springs from original sin. As a matter of fact, a church, especially if of brick or stone construction, is generally the coolest place in town."—Church Economist.

Accepts the Situation.

"Why, darling," exclaimed the pretty bride of three weeks as she rushed to embrace her husband, "how good it was of you to skip baseball once and come home early! You're just too sweet."

And he accepted it all without saying a word about there being no game.—Detroit Free Press.

Yet It Is So.

It is terribly hard for a boy to believe in the veracity of his father when he hears him declare that no one is truly happy and contented unless he has work to do.—Atchison Globe.

The best evidence of merit is the cordial recognition of it whenever and wherever it may be found.—Bovee.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Cure Constipation and Sick Headache

Quicker than anything else.

10 cents and 25 cents—Druggists.

A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE.

Allan Davis loved Luella Clark, who was a nigger. He saw evidence of her temper displayed upon her father. But he loved her, and that was enough. He married her.

I know this is not a pleasant story, and readers need go no further unless they are interested in a curious psychological fact. I myself am a believer in heredity. I am sure that somewhere in the past this woman had an ancestor with a sharp tongue, which she had never tried to bridle. If there is sympathy for the man who inherits a consuming thirst for drink, why not for the woman who has had bequeathed to her a bad temper, which she took with her to her grave?

Luella had everything to make her happy, from the standpoint of any reasonable being, but she never ceased complaining, and at last the good nature and fortitude of her husband deserted him, and he turned out as the worst of men, but rather like a raging lion, and Luella held her peace in sheer astonishment.

"I wish you were dumb," he said in a voice of concentrated wrath and scorn. "I wish I might never hear the sound of your voice again."

Like all evenly balanced natures, when he overstepped boundaries, he went too far, for the time being. His indignation—his words came from the lips and not from the heart, they sounded far worse than they intended, and they recoiled on himself even before he had seized his opportunity to leave the house. He turned to see their effect on Luella and found, to his horror, that she had fainted.

Then he called himself a brute, sent for friends and a doctor and hung over his wife, prostrate with grief and regret, until she opened her eyes and recognized him.

He begged her forgiveness, but to all his entreaties she only shook her head feebly until at last, when he pleaded for one word, she made a motion which indicated a wish to write, and with a horrible fear taking possession of him, he gave her paper and pencil, and this is what she wrote:

"You have your wish. You will never hear my voice again. I am stricken dumb."

It was noised about in the community, and people talked, old people especially, of what they called "a visitation of God." The doctors had another name for it. They said it was a case of hysterical deafness, and would pass off presently, but they were wrong in their prognostications. Luella went about her work again—the little household duties which she had to do, but no longer with her mute lips. Allan, who was beside himself with grief and disappointment, urged her to learn the labial language—indeed offered to forego speech for her sake, but she would not listen to the suggestion, and thus began the martyrdom of Allan Davis.

Luella could listen perfectly, so that her husband and friends were not constrained in their speech, but any word she had to say, any message or answer in their conversation coming from her, must be written. She was always provided with the means of communication, and writing tablets of the daintiest sort were scattered around the house like some new-brother's speech.

The devotion of Allan Davis to his afflicted wife was something marvelous. He never wearied of her, and he never demanded the slightest recognition of them. He was patient, and his existence not employed in his business in devising pleasures for Luella, and on those unfortunate days when a dumb devil of ill nature asserted itself he met her mute reproaches with a self-abasement that was neither unmanly nor servile, but Christlike. His bonny boyish looks turned gray, his laughing, boyish face took on the shadow of early age, but his spirit remained serene and patient, and the love he held in his heart for this woman grew brighter and more fervent toward the end. And the end came before the fire of youth and passion turned to ashes—the end for Allan Davis.

It was a simple case of influenza at first, with no suggestion of danger, until one day the doctor looked grave, and the next he said to Luella, "Your husband will die!"

"How soon?"

"At any time—tonight, perhaps," answered the doctor, and she watched anxiously. Did he surprise her with a flash of joy in her cold eyes, a strange tense drawing of the lines around her severe mouth? It might have been his imagination; but, at any rate, he was glad for Allan Davis.

The end came at night, when Luella watched her husband alone. He had been sleeping and dreamed some thing that awakened him with a will start and made all things look unreal—all except his wife, who bent over him with a new solicitude in her face. He saw it and was grateful.

"I am going to leave you, dear," said the slow, precise tones of those who are nearly dead with human speech. "Will you not let me take with me as my last gift heretofore a word of forgiveness for the great wrong I did?"

Luella looked at him, and an unmistakable gleam of triumph shone in her eyes and expressed itself in her movements as she seized his tablet and wrote something, distinct in plain, distinct letters. Allan saw the look, and the hope that had sustained him so many years seemed now about to be realized, and he looked at his wife and tried to read for the last time that beloved handwriting.

But God, more merciful than his creature, had anointed his eyes with a film, and with the written words he so longed to see held before him by an unflinching hand he looked his hold on earthly love and hate and despoiled the last sting of a terrible revenge.

For this was what Luella had written for her dying husband to read:

"Since you are about to die, I will tell you that I have never for one moment been incapable of speech. I assumed a discomfort to punish you as you deserved. I have succeeded."—Exchange.

SEASHORE STYLES.

Costumes Seen on Ocean Piers and Hotel Verandas.

(Special Correspondence.)

New York, July 24.—Some folks like Long Branch and some folks do not. I am one of the latter class, but, fortunately for Long Branch, I fancy, my likes or dislikes would have little influence one way or another. But I will have my say anyhow. Those who have cottages enjoy all the pleasure of fresh air and as much quiet as they want. Those who go in for a gay, sporty time may find it at the hotels, and those who have fine teams enjoy the rides. But somehow the whole atmosphere of Long Branch has been something about it too widely sporty to suit me. But I am only one of many.

The dressing at Long Branch is certainly fine, though often with a suggestion of staginess about it. I am not only

LONG BRANCH TOILETS.

makes it the more remarkable. Then, too, many of the ladies have their own "turnouts," and that requires a special style of dressing. But the afternoon on the piazzas and the dances and other evening functions bring out some exquisite gowns.

There is an atmosphere of fast horses and those that love them, and, take it all in all, I return to my opinion—I don't like Long Branch. The bathing is dangerous even to those accounted good swimmers, and—and—the back drivers are about the coolest scamps it was ever my lot to meet. They take all you've got and, like Oliver Twist, want more to carry you only as far as Pleasure Bay.

Yet there are good women and noble men who have their summer homes at Long Branch, and Ellerton is so near, and there is generally too stiff a breeze for mosquitoes, so life is worth living there if you are rich.

Every afternoon the ladies gather on the pier waiting for their "men folks" or at the station. This is the time when they take the most pains to look their prettiest. I saw one very striking costume which would attract attention anywhere. The skirt was of black and white striped heavy silk. It was so cut that the stripes went around the same way in diagonal lines all the distance. This is a feat in dressmaking almost impossible of accomplishment. There was a little double breasted vest of blue and white striped satin. Over this was a figure jacket of black peau de soie. A dainty delft of white silk mill edged with colored ocherous lace was tied in front without ends. The high stock was of the same. A rolled reverse of blue silk was put around the neck upon the collar. The hat worn with this was of gray straw with gray and white malines puffs, and gray and white feathers, with a little pale lavender blue tulle in crumpled folds at the back.

Another costume, less voyante, but very handsome, had the dress of pale blue, under a dead line. This had straps of satin two shades darker stretched around the hips and on the waist, where there was a dainty simulated figure. The full front was of ecrú all over lace lined with pink silk. The hat was of ecrú straw, with poppies and black velvet for trimming. The parasol was a dream in faint pink silk, lined painted, with poppies and leaves, and with a full puffing of fine pale pink chiffon. A bow of pink chiffon in form of a rosette was placed half way up the ivory handle. Biscuit colored cloth is made up in a very swell tailor suit, with no trimming except strap stichings on the skirt. There is a slight waist of pink and white taffeta with a chiffon stock and jabot. The jaunty little jacket has wide revers embroidered in colors in a straggly Japanese design. The hat for this suit was a flat sailor shape of straw, with drapery of changeable taffeta and a couple of curled quills. All these ladies get into carriages as soon as their "men folks" arrive, and go for a long drive around the roads leading to and from Long Branch. Then they come back and dress for dinner, the piazzas or the dance, or indeed anything they like.

White lawn with multitudes of ruffles and lace frills seems to lead in popularity. It is especially popular for the evening. It is a sure and quick cure for all roughness and eruptions, and it is a sure and quick cure for all skin diseases. It is a sure and quick cure for all skin diseases. It is a sure and quick cure for all skin diseases.

It removes pimples, freckles, blackheads, much liver spots, eczema, redness, oiliness and all discommodities and imperfections of the skin. Price, \$1 a bottle.

The Misses BELL'S COMPLEXION TONIC is an external application, the presence of which on the face cannot be detected. It is perfectly harmless even to the most delicate skin. It is a sure and quick cure for all roughness and eruptions, and it is a sure and quick cure for all skin diseases. It is a sure and quick cure for all skin diseases.

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The Misses BELL'S COMPLEXION SOAP is made from the pure oil of lauric wood. It is healing and gratifying to the skin, keeping it at all times in a clean, healthy state. It is a sure and quick cure for all roughness and eruptions, and it is a sure and quick cure for all skin diseases. It is a sure and quick cure for all skin diseases.

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The Man Who Lost Hope

Mr. H. N. Warner, of Minden, Neb., said:

"In 1894 I was attacked with paralysis in my left side. You might stick a pin to the head into my left hip and I would not feel it. I was unable to do any kind of work and had to be turned in bed. I made up my mind that I could not be cured as I had used all kinds of medicine and had tried many doctors. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and commenced their use last September. Before I had finished my first box I felt better, and by the time I had used six boxes the disease had entirely disappeared, and I have not been so free from pain since I was a boy. The paralysis also disappeared, and although two months have passed since I finished my last box, there has been no recurrence of the disease."—From the *Gazette, Minden, Neb.*

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, senility, neuritis, rheumatism, nervous headache, the effects of a grip, grippe, and all forms of weakness either in male or female.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are never sold by the dozen or hundred, but always in packages. At all druggists, or direct from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., 50 cents per box, 6 boxes \$2.50.

Consistent Reasoning.

Mrs. Tappany—Those prizefighters have enormous muscles, haven't they?

Tappany—Yes, indeed.

Mrs. Tappany—Well, it looks like they ought to be able to elevate the stage if anybody could.—Kansas City Independent.

Did you ever notice how the man who is too lazy to knock the ashes from his cigar will have to spend several moments later in brushing them off his clothes?—Cambridge Press.

We apprehend that black cats, take them rough and running, have brought more fleas than good luck.—Detroit Journal.

HEALTH AND VITALITY

DR. MOTT'S NERVOUS TONIC

The great remedy for nervous prostration and all diseases of the generative organs of either sex, such as Nervous Exhaustion, Prostration, Falling or Lost Emission, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Youthful Errors, Mental Weakness, excessive use of Tobacco or Opium, which lead to Prostration and Insanity. It cures every 60 days we guarantee to refund the money. Sold at \$1.00 per bottle, 6 boxes for \$5.00. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

For sale by J. C. Day & Co., 210 W. Market st.

The Misses Bell

Complexion and Hair Specialists.

The brilliant complexions of women in the more exclusive circles of New York society are not explained by the theory that associates beauty and idleness. In fact, many leaders of the world of fashion are hard workers. Yet they keep their good looks even when they are out doing their duty. They manage it? THE MISSES BELL, of 75 Fifth Avenue, New York, themselves connected with some of the most noted and honored families in the metropolis, have answered the question. They have prepared for the use of women in general, five preparations for improving the complexion and the hair.

Five Toilet Treasures.

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SEEK WORLD'S TRADE

AIM OF THE PROMOTERS OF THE EXPORT EXPOSITION.

Great International Commercial Congress to be held in Philadelphia during the Autumn Months. Details Now Being Perfected.

(Special Correspondence.)

PHILADELPHIA, July 24.—The promoters of the National Export exposition, which will be held in this city this autumn, seem to have adopted the theory in relation to trade that

No port up Utra restrains our powers; The boundless universe is ours.

While it may be impossible to corral the "boundless universe," it is pretty certain that the coming exposition will help amazingly in placing the products of American fields and factories, of American brains and brawn, into every nook and corner of this planet we call earth. The purpose of the enterprise is admirably defined in its title—the National Export Exposition for the Advancement of American Manufactures and the Extension of Export Trade. This aims to accomplish by means of three main departments, which are:

First—A complete display of every line of American manufactured products which is in demand abroad or for which a foreign market may be created.

Second—A complete exhibit of samples of manufactured goods made in other countries than the United States and now successfully sold in all foreign markets or prepared in those markets for exportation.

Third—A department for the instruction of the American manufacturer in packing and labeling his products to meet the requirements and approval of foreign buyers.

The exposition, which will be the first of its character ever held in this country, is the outgrowth and development of the Philadelphia Commercial museum and is under the joint auspices of this institution and the Franklin Institute. It will be opened on Sept. 14 and continue in progress ten weeks, closing on Nov. 30.

This will be the first general exposition held in the east since the Centennial in Philadelphia in 1876, and the fact gives it an added interest to people living in the seaboard states. It is likely also to attract a little attention from the south, particularly the Atlantic coast states, and to bring into closer commercial touch the buyer and the seller, the maker and the taker of the east and south. It is, however, in no sense sectional and will embrace in its exhibits and visitors the whole of this country as well as foreign countries.

There are already abundant indications which guarantee the greatness and cosmopolitan character of the show. The demand for space in the exhibition halls has surpassed the expectation of the promoters of the enterprise.

While the purpose of the exposition is to promote our foreign trade and demonstrate the superiority of American products, it cannot fail to be of benefit to the home trade of the American manufacturer and producer.

Though of special interest to American manufacturers and foreign buyers, the exposition will offer abundant opportunities for the instruction and amusement of the general public. All

SECTION OF MAIN BUILDING, NATIONAL EXPORT EXPOSITION, PHILADELPHIA.

is not subordinated to trade. Pleasure will have a part. The lighter side of the exposition will embrace many unique and varied attractions, notable among which will be the daily concerts held in the handsome auditorium.

The exposition grounds are admirably situated on the west bank of the Schuylkill river and comprise a tract of land 50 acres in extent, deeded to the Philadelphia museum by the city of Philadelphia. The place is within ten minutes' ride of the city hall and is easily accessible from all parts of the city both by electric and steam railroad lines. A station of the Pennsylvania railroad, at which all trains will stop during the exposition, is located within 400 feet of the main entrance.

The work of construction is well advanced on the buildings and will be ready for the installation of exhibits by the middle of August. The main group of buildings is so arranged as to form one grand and imposing structure about 400 by 100 feet in extreme dimensions and covering an area of more than nine acres. Five separate buildings enter into this great edifice, which is constructed largely of steel and brick and upon lines which the experience of other expositions has proved to be desirable. These main buildings and several special buildings will give an exhibition space of 200,000 square feet.

Three of the five buildings comprising the main structure are permanent. They are each two stories high, 380 feet long and 90 feet wide. These handsome and substantial structures will become the permanent home of the Philadelphia Commercial museum.

SAMUEL HUBBARD.

Discretion.

"So you think they'll send Oom Paul an ultimatum," said one diplomat.

"I shouldn't be surprised," answered the other. "It's a great deal safer than sending soldiers."—Washington Star.

He Had.

"Anyhow, I've done one thing you never did. I've fired on a switch engine."

"So have I—one I went to school for six years in Missouri when I was a boy. Pinked him too."—Chicago Tribune.

DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION

Makes Weak Women Strong, And Sick Women Well.

It is made from a formula of Dr. R. W. Pierce, the celebrated specialist in diseases of women at Buffalo, N. Y. It is a strictly temperance medicine, containing neither alcohol, opium or other narcotic poison. It is indicated for those who are suffering from intoxicating stimulants or deadly narcotics. It cures irregularities, displacements, drains, ulcerations, inflammation, headache, backache and nervousness. It prepares the way for almost painless maternity, and insures robustness to the newborn. It cures women at home, and does away with obnoxious questioning and local examinations.

Some medicine dealers offer substitutes when you ask for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. They imitate this medicine in appearance as nearly as the law will allow, but they cannot imitate its record of thirty years of cures.

Mrs. Mattie Young, of Hancock Co., Ill., writes: "I had been sick for seven years, not in bed, but just dragging myself around. At last I took three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and just Golden Medical Discovery. It is impossible to describe in words the good these medicines did me."

Neither the "Discovery" nor the "Favorite Prescription" contains any alcohol, opium or other narcotic.

Remarkable Boy.

"Yes," said the old gentleman recently, "my friend Joseph Steele really has a most considerate son."

"In what way?" asked the youth.

"Why, in spite of the fact that the boy is just back from college he is able to talk with his father without conveying the idea that he knows more than the old man will ever learn."

Then the youth, who had just returned from college himself, went off a corner and tried to decide whether there was anything personal in the remark.—Chicago Post.

"I can't say I am much disappointed in you," said Mr. Bullion sternly, eying his eldest son, who had come home from college in disgrace. "I never expected you to amount to anything."

"No," responded the young man, with a sort of feeble resignation. "I haven't had as good a start in life as you had. You were a poor boy, with every inducement to make somebody of yourself, and I'm nothing but a rich man's son."—Chicago Tribune.

The Easy Food

Easy to Buy, Easy to Cook, Easy to Eat, Easy to Digest.

At all grocers in 2-lb. pkgs.

FIRE ALARM CALLS.

1 Central Engine House
2 Buckeye Works
3 Akron Iron Works
4 Diamond Rubber Works
5 Main and Market
6 No 2 Engine House, Sixth ward
7 N Broadway, near Market
8 Buchtel av. and Bowers
9 Schumacher Mill, Mill st
10 Prospect, near Mill
11 Furnace and Broadway
12 Main and Keck
13 Ash and Park Place
14 No 3 Engine House, West Hill
15 Carroll and Exchange
16 Emp re Mower and Reaper Wks
17 Ak on Rubber Works
18 Prospect and Perkins
19 Forge and Exchange
20 Sherman near Exchange
21 Main and Exchange
22 North Howard and Tallmadge
23 N Market and Greene
24 Akron Knife works
25 Washington and Hopp alley
26 North Howard and North
27 E Market and Spruce
28 W Market and Valley
29 Carroll and Spicer
30 Carroll and Sumner
31 North and Arlington
32 Vine and Fountain
33 Coburn and Carroll
34 Wooster av and Locust
35 Pearl, near Cistern
36 S Main and Falor
37 Cuyahoga Mill
38 Arlington and Hazel
39 Howe and Bowers
40 West South
41 Merrill pottery, State st
42 Howard and Market
43 No 4 Engine house, Main & Fair
44 Center st, railroad crossing
45 Buchtel av. and Union
46 Akron Stoneware Co., Sixth ward
47 Coburn and Carroll
48 Perkins and Adolph ave
49 Main, near Odd Fellows Temple
50 Case ave and Kent
51 Hill Sewer Pipe Co., E. Market
52 Carroll and E. Market
53 Secum Lave and Valley railroad
54 Johnson and Wilson
55 Grant and Cross
56 North and Maple
57 Warner Printing Co
58 Robinson Bros, N Forge st
59 The Whitmore, Robinson Co
60 Western Linoleum Co
61 Summit Sewer Pipe Co
62 Allyn and Gross
63 Thornton and Harvard
64 The J C McNeil Boiler Works
65 Central Mills, S Howard st
66 Schumacher Cooper Shop, North Broadway

General Alarm
1 Silver and Hickory
2 W Market and Rhodes av
3 Renner's Brewery, N Forge st
4 Sherman and Voria
5 Cedar and Wabash Willow
6 W Exchange, near Voria
7 Cascade Mills, N Howard
8 Fire Chief's Residence
9 Adams and Upson
10 Buhl and Market
11 Maple, opposite Balch
12 Rittman and Crosby
13 Exchange and Spicer
14 Wooster and St. Clair
15 St. Clair and Bowers
16 Water Works, Wooster av
17 East Tile Works

RAILROAD TIME TABLES

† Daily; all others daily except Sunday. Central Standard Time.

CLEVELAND, AKRON & COLUMBUS.

Union Depot, Market St.

Going North.

No. 277 Columbus express..... 6:05 am
No. 28 From Millersburg only..... 10:57 am
No. 31 Columbus fast mail..... 4:15 pm

Going South.

No. 32 Col.-Cin. fast mail..... 8:25 am
No. 33 To Millersburg only..... 7:06 am
No. 34 Col.-Cin. express (H)..... 4:25 pm
No. 35 Col.-Cin. express (H)..... 4:25 pm

ERIE RAILROAD CO.

Erie Depot, Mill st.

Time Card: Dec. 11, 1904.

Going West.

No. 14 Express..... 8:35 pm
No. 15 Limited vestibule..... 7:06 am
No. 16 To Akron only..... 8:24 am
No. 17 Huntington special (H)..... 12:25 pm
No. 18 Pacific express..... 4:25 pm
No. 19 Accommodation..... 6:40 am